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Tales and Illustrations, chiefly intended for Young Persons. By Charlotte Elizabeth. Dublin, published by the Religious Tract and Book Society.

A series of stories intended apparently to answer the same purpose to the children of the educated classes, that the shorter and cheaper tracts are designed to effect with the children of the poor. This is not exactly the way that we should choose to teach our children religion, but we must do these tales the justice to acknowledge that they are written in a pious and christian spirit, and we do not hesitate to recommend them as safe and profitable Sunday reading, for those young persons who are already well-informed in the doctrines and theory of religion, but who require it to be brought more home to their bosoms and business, that they may have the Divine Being, his love, his attributes, and his requirements, perpetually present in all their thoughts.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE. LAW MAGAZINE.

EVERY profession is now provided with a well conducted periodical, devoted to the promotion of its interests, and the supply of its wants. To the general reader, the title "Law Magazine," would, we fear, prove very uninviting, and certainly though there are articles, such as the lives of eminent lawyers, which would be entertaining to every scholar, still the work will not, on the whole, be likely to obtain extensive circulation, outside the legal profession. This periodical has completely eclipsed the Jurist, and deservedly, for it is conducted with much more energy and spirit; it consists, for the most part, of concise and well written essays on doubtful points of law which it professes to clear up, for the great edification of the student, and also, there have appeared a series of articles on conveyancing, composed with considerable taste, and containing much practical information. The life of Selden is not such as we should have expected, it is poorly done, the less excusable when we consider the ample materials which the varied events of his life supplied, connected as they were with the most stirring times of English history. The sketch of the great Fearn is done in better taste, and exemplifies the truth which Brougham has so repeatedly proclaimed, that the highest professional attainments are not incompatible with general and comprehensive knowledge. The "little tattle" of the bar is all given in an appendix, from which we extract the following anecdotes:—

"Mr. Justice—was particularly attentive during the whole of his circuit, to the arrangement of the gallery, and the comfort of the country girls and bumpkins who came to stare at him, and on one occasion he actually broke off a summing up with "Mr. Under Sheriff, I should be glad to know what that fat man means, by pressing against those two young women in the third row of the gallery." And on another occasion, he singularly diversified his reply to an honourable foreman of a grand jury, by a somewhat similar parenthesis—"really Mr. Foreman, I am so exhausted, so worn out with the conduct, the outrageous conduct—(note, the witness, amongst other profanities, kept on saying, that what he deposed to was, 'as sure as God made apples')—of the witness in the box, that—there now is another man standing up in the gallery with his hat on, and," added

his Lordship with a deep sigh, "and a tall man too." Again, Mr. Baron—once passed sentence of transportation on a prisoner, by telling him in a tone of thunder, "your indignant country shakes you from her shores;" and excited the imagination of another offender who had incurred a still severer penalty, by telling him, "the sun now rising in meridian splendour will shortly light you to an ignominious dissolution."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Schiller's Briefwechsel mit Göthe von den Jahren 1794 bis 1805. 5. Th. 1827-29.—

Stuttgart und Tübingen.

A man who after a long interval has met again with the friend of his youth, who had assisted to form his taste, to improve his heart, and who had opened to him a store of endless enjoyment, will be able to represent to his mind the mournful pleasure with which we enjoyed the delightful correspondence of *Schiller* with such a kindred spirit as *Göthe*. Published now, after twenty-five years of silence in the grave, it seems as if the same friendly and heart-stirring voice were once again to recall the world to that admiration which was bestowed on him, (and never bestowed more justly,) while living, by all who had souls to feel, and minds to reason. We have some misgivings, however, that we shall meet with but little sympathy from the majority of our readers, so few in this *ultima Irlanda*, can, comparatively speaking, enjoy the transcendental beauties of this poetical enchanter; yet the English reader can not find any author so similar to *Shakespeare*, in true sublimity and fidelity to nature; but *Schiller* wrote in a character so like old English, and so difficult to decipher, that few will undertake the trouble of reading him in the original. Well, we shall not quarrel with those whose prejudices, or whose idleness, prevent them from making themselves as happy as their neighbours; and, though addressing ourselves principally to these latter, to give them some account of our author, and perhaps make a convert or two, yet we hope to refresh in the memories of our German readers also, amongst whom we are happy to number some of our fairest and dearest friends, the pleasing impressions made upon them by their perusal of the great *Schiller*.

Frederick Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, in Württemberg. He was the only son of a Lieutenant in the Duke's service, and was early placed at the *Carlesschule*, in Stuttgart, where he studied surgery, and already gave proofs of his exalted imagination, which were not, however, at all well received by his superiors in that unimaginative profession. He published his first poems in 1775, but nothing of extraordinary excellence appeared till his *Robbers*, in 1780, which produced, as every body knows, an immense sensation throughout Germany, and brought him into disgrace with the Government, on account of some obnoxious passages the play contained. He was obliged to fly to Manheim, where, after having practised for a while, as surgeon to a regiment, he was engaged as Dramatist to the Theatre, which, as in some other cities of Germany, was rising by the genius and taste of Iffland, Kotzebue, *Göthe*, &c., as authors, and Winter, Mozart, and others, as musical composers. The theatres in the smaller states of Germany, are kept up in a manner totally incomprehensible to one

who can judge only from the tasteless and shabby exhibitions of our provincial theatres. The instrumental part of a performance is so correct, the choruses so well maintained, and an opera is not performed to show off one actor, in the manner in which an Irish audience is sometimes entertained. The cause is partly owing to the general sound and critical taste of the Germans, and partly to the encouragement given by the princes, so as to secure rational and elegant and improving performances for their subjects. In Manheim, among other productions, chiefly published in the *Thalia*, he wrote *Fiesko*, and *Cabale und Liebe*. By these he soon became popular, though the last is a frightful picture of the corruption of a German *most serene* court. Driven, however, by his restless spirit, he roved from Manheim to Mainz, (Mentz,) to Leipzig, to Dresden, and in the course of that time wrote *Don Carlos*, the first Act of which he read to the Grand Duke of Weimar. This was the commencement of a friendship honorable alike to the prince and to the poet, and which the former wished to extend even beyond the grave, for his mortal remains repose beside *Schiller's*, and when the venerable *Göthe* shall at length be called from his labours and worldly honors, a place is prepared for him by the side of his friends.—*Schiller's* poetical exercises were interrupted repeatedly by philosophical and historical studies; yet poetry seems still to have had most influence over his mind. He thus expresses himself in one of his letters to *Göthe*:—"I cannot express to you how painful the feeling is, which I experience at quitting a production of this sort, (*Göthe's* *Wilhelm Meister*,) to look into matters of philosophy. There all is so serene, yet so lively, so harmoniously resolved, and so *humanly* true. Here all is so severe, so rigid, and abstract, and so extremely unnatural, because all nature is but *Synthesis*, and all philosophy *Antithesis*. Indeed, I dare bear testimony to myself, that I have remained as faithful to nature in my speculations, as consists with the idea of *Analysis*; perhaps I have remained more faithful to her, than our *Kantists* will consider permitted or possible; but nevertheless, I do not feel the less vividly the infinite contrast between life and reasoning; and I cannot help sometimes explaining as a deficiency in my nature, what, in a more serene moment, I must consider as a natural property of the thing itself. This much is, however certain, the poet is the only true *man*, and the best philosopher is only a *caricature* in comparison of him."

Schiller's great historical attainments were, however, of vast use to him in his dramatic compositions, as he has uniformly preserved a striking and delightful propriety of character and scene, in which respect he, of course, surpassed our own *Shakespeare*, who was not very particular as to a metropolis of time and country, but represented human nature in large and general features, as it appears in all men and all times. His historical acquirements *Schiller* also employed in writing a History of the Revolution of the Netherlands, under Philip the Second, an undertaking which he never completed, and which was suggested to him by *Watson's* admirable work, which being a general History of Philip, of course, gives only a short account of that memorable struggle between tyranny and liberty, but was sufficient to fire a soul like *Schiller's*, open as it was to every thing generous and noble; we would only refer our readers

to the character of the Marquis, in *Don Carlos*, and to some of his speeches, for the exquisite feelings of Schiller on that inspiring subject. Another work was one which is now pretty generally known and read, especially since Mr. Constable's publication of it in his *Miscellany*, we mean the *Thirty Years' War*. In 1789, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy at Jena, after having for some time assisted in the publication of the *Mercur*, along with Wieland. In 1794 commenced his friendship with Göthe, on the occasion of publishing the *Horen*, a most extraordinary monthly periodical, commenced in January 1795. The main object of it was, to tell the German public, that they were still very ignorant in matters of taste and criticism, and that they could and would enlighten them on these important subjects. Their first contributors were Fichte, in the philosophical department, Woltman, in the historical, Von Humboldt, Herder, Jacobi, and Meyer. In this work appeared a great many of Schiller's best smaller pieces, as is easily seen by the number of them marked 1793-96 among his poems. This was also the first occasion of the letters lately published, which commence in 1794, the first being an invitation to Göthe to contribute to the *Horen*, and many subsequent ones referring to the same subject. This publication excited numerous animadversions, which occasioned severe reprisals in the *Xenien*, an epigrammatic production, also written by Schiller and Göthe, jointly, and sometimes unjustifiably severe upon excellent authors, as for instance the Stollbergs. Schiller was long a victim to extreme ill-health, which deeply affected his mind as well as body: thus he writes to Göthe, on the 7th of September, 1794:—

"I accept your kind invitation with great pleasure, yet with the earnest petition that you may not reckon on me in one point, as to your domestic arrangements; for, alas! my cramps oblige me commonly to devote my whole morning to sleep, because they give me no repose during the night, neither can you reckon upon me any hour of the day. You will, therefore, permit me to consider myself as a mere stranger in your house, and, by letting me isolate myself, to escape making any one depend upon my health. Order, which does good to every one else, is my most dangerous enemy, for I have only to intend something *certain*, at some *cert*, in time, to be sure not to be able to accomplish it."

This wretched state of health fell particularly heavy on him in unfavourable weather, the following passage describes the genial influence of Spring upon his mind, and illustrates a curious but well-known psychological truth, in such a highly gifted genius as Schiller's:—

"27th Feb. 1795.

"If the favourable days which we have here are also enjoyed by you, I wish good luck to the fourth book of *Wilhelm Meister*. This announcement of Spring has very much refreshed me, and poured out over my business a new life which it very much wanted. How are we, notwithstanding our boasted independence, tied to the powers of nature, and what is our will, if nature fails? That, over which I have been brooding these five weeks, a mild look from the sun has developed within me in three days; certainly my attention heretofore had prepared this development, but its maturity I owe to the warming sun."

We shall return to these interesting volumes ere long.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

One never is properly sensible of the honor and glory of living in London, till the Parliament meets. Then, indeed, you feel that you are a dweller in the head of the Empire; and that all other places are but subservient members. How pleasant to find on the breakfast table, a report of all that took place in the Houses of Parliament *during the last night*, while you snored (if ever you are guilty of such an enormity,) at your ease, just comfortably warm under nine pairs of blankets. The thing comes fresh to you, you have it as soon as any one else; whereas, when you are at a distance from the capital, notwithstanding Macadamized roads, and fast coaches, and steam packets, which bear news along, swift as the stream of the "arrowy Rhone," still you feel that your newest news is old to some people, and that they are then in possession of what you can only anticipate. Moreover, if, being a dweller in London, you be very voracious of the first intelligence, and wish to see and hear, rather than judge Homericly, by *report*, why then you may march down to the House, and if you are not an M. P. a remote possibility, the mention of which, I trust, the gentle reader will pardon, you may pay your half crown, and get jammed into the gallery, whence you will issue by and bye, "a sadder and a wiser man," by various sage and solemn reflections upon how two-and-sixpence might have been better spent.

If you were an 'Irishman in London,' last Thursday, you would, of course, have been down to the House, at the opening of the doors, to see the "grate O'Connell," member for Catholic Ireland, to say nothing of the County of Clare, take his seat. But as you were not, I shall tell you all about it, so that you shall have the knowledge, and be saved all the waiting, starvation, crushing, half crown paying, and a million other miseries endured by your countryman, and very faithful servant, who indited this epistle for your instruction.

The gallery was opened a little before two o'clock, when in rushed the crowd, which had previously assembled on the stairs. A gentleman from the country, who stood next me, underwent the ordinary fate of rural gentlemen, in having his pocket picked; but the bills it contained, being, as he said, neither accepted nor endorsed, he took his seat with true English sanguine, determined, that it would in no whit diminish the loss of his bills, to abandon the position for which he had just paid his half crown. For the first two hours there was no amusement for our money, save in looking at a solitary member, who now and then came in to stick up his name in the particular place which he intended afterwards to occupy; amongst these I perceived Sir James Mackintosh, who walked in after his usual cautious fashion, with spectacles on nose; and after putting up his own name, examined with deliberate care, the names already posted up on his side of the house; and then quietly walked over to the Treasury side, and examined with equal accuracy the names there, as if he thought it possible he might find those of some of his old companions, even in the seats of the ministerialists.

A little before five o'clock, the Speaker having taken the chair, and asked if any members were to be sworn, Mr. O'Connell came forward, and was sworn by the Clerk at the

table, according to the usual form; after which he advanced to the Speaker, to "shake hands," as the phrase is; but the congratulatory con quassation, reminded me of Byron's manner of touching Lord Chancellor Eldon's palm, on a similar occasion, it bore about as much resemblance to a *real* Irish shake hands, as a drop of icy-cold water does to a screeching hot tumbler of whiskey punch. The great Dan took his seat at first high up on the left of the Speaker, between Whittle Harvey and Joey Hume; but after a while changed his position, getting nearer the floor, and to the end next the cross benches.

Assuredly no Irishman would have been struck with deep respect for the intellectual or oratorical powers of the House, on Thursday evening. The mover of the Address, who made his appearance in full dress military uniform, spoke away glibly enough, until he came to a dead stop in the words, which he had evidently gotten off by heart. Your English, however, are a cool people—he floundered not, nor seemed much embarrassed; but diving his hand into his pocket, drew therefrom his written oration, and examining carefully for the proper spot, gathered up the thread of his discourse; and bolting out of his stand-still into a hand-gallop, proceeded smoothly as before, with his lesson of repetition: he described the administration in such terms as would have been more than smiled at, had an Irishman used them. He called it a *Tory* administration, acting on *Whig* principles. The seconder of the Address had a very ludicrous appearance in his city uniform, "all covered with lace." He looked amazingly like a servant in state livery, and warned, doubtless, by the interlude in the preceding speech, or dubious of the efficacy of the Mnemonic system, he *read* his speech, *ab initio ad finem*; familiar as this had been to us in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, we could have spared it here.

Sir Edward Knatchbull spoke as he always does, boldly, plainly, fluently, and like an English country gentleman, with a sound clear head, and a fair portion of John Bull's prejudices and peculiarities. Mr. Peel was smooth and middling—Lord Blandford blunt and vehement, declaring for the utility of speeches of ten minutes long, and better attention to the business of the people, who were, as he affirmed, "*disgusted*" with the House. Lord F. Gower was fluent and gentlemanly; but he indulges in the most extraordinary species of attitudinizing that ever I beheld.—Brougham sat dark as night; and cast now and then a gaze of seeming half wonderment, half contempt, at the Secretary for Ireland, who stood opposite to him.

But come we to the O'Connell. After all there is nothing very particular to describe.—Sensible of the nature of the place in which he was, he adapted his versatile abilities to it, and was well and favourably received.—There was to me a "joy of home," in the sound of his broad, brilliant, brassy brogue, as it rolled forth in its strength, and filled the building; and it was an agreeable relief from the lisping dandism of tone and manner, which, it must be confessed, is but too prevalent in the lower House. The sound of Daniel's voice, 'came o'er my ear like the sweet south,' as he poured forth the broad vowels of dear Munster. When he got on his legs, he drew himself up to his best height; and folding his arms, he told the House, that "perhaps he had little